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BASKET BALL----THE NEW CRAZE FOR ATHLETIC YOUNG WOMEN.

VASSAR COLLEGE GIRLS IN THEIR FIELD DAY GAME OF BASKET BALL YESTERDAY.

IF THOSE people who stand in awe of the Vassar girl and her intellect could visit the university one of these bright Spring days, what a shock their feelings would receive!

The recitation rooms are deserted and the tired, worried-looking students who are usually there have gone. Each and every Vassar girl with a pulse that beats and a heart that throbs is out on the green oval, working or shouting for the cause and looking forward to the ultimate glory of winning the field day banner.

It is the novel game of basket ball that fills these days at Vassar with interest and sends shouts of girlish laughter over the grounds, and this year's enthusiasm over the interclass games surpass anything ever known at the college before.

The game of basketball is the newest craze of athletic young women al over the country. Every college seminary and young women's boarding school has a basketball team. Perhaps the girls of Vassar College play as skillful a game as any, although the young women of Alameda, California, have recently posted a challenge for the championship.

Yesterday was Vassar's Spring Field Day, and the game was voted the finest of the season. Excitement passed all bounds, and many a throat was hoarse from "rooting" before the close of the afternoon.

The game of basket ball is pretty. Every one who was not too full of enthusiasm to study effects realized this fact on Saturday. The girls of '96 wear green serge costumes of their blouses. The '98 girls wear blue white sailor collars, white sailor knots, and "'96" embroidered in white on the fronts of their blouses. The '97 girls wear blue serge suits, with deep red sailor collars, cravats and "'98" in red. Every student of the college with a bit of sporting blood or college pride sat beneath the tall pines that enclose the oval and awaited the contesting teams. At last they came, robed in mackintoshes, which they discarded at the entrance. The sunlight fell upon two squares of bright, athletic young women in their new suits, and as they marched across the oval to the basket ball grounds applause from the students burst forth in a deafening volume.

Each class has sixteen girls on its ball team, eight regulars and eight substitutes. When the eight are chosen for the interclass matches they are the pick of the sixteen. Sentiment, favoritism, social position or rate of income plays no part in this selection. The girls with the finest physique, the truest aim, the best athletic records, are chosen, and it would be hard indeed to get together sixteen young women who could have made a grander showing for the cause of college athletics than did the ball teams of '96 and '8.

The game is very similar to football, though there are fewer rules and regulations. The two sides of the field are goals, and on each goal plate is erected a six-foot-six pole, holding a basket on top. The whole game consists in scoring points by getting the ball into these baskets. Eight innings constitute a game, but if the eighth closes with a tie the innings continue until the game is decided. The principal rule of the game is that no one can run with the ball. As this rule is strictly enforced and the goal plates carefully guarded, it requires a girl with an excellent aim to get the ball into the basket.

As the two teams arrived on the field on Saturday, the captain of the '96 team held the ball. It is a big affair, very much after the pattern of a Rugby football. She laid it in the middle of the field, placed one little foot upon it, and looked back at the square in white sailor collars behind her. In a moment they took the cue and joined in the cry of:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Here we are!
V-a-s-s-a-r,
'98!

Considerable noise and calling of class cries followed, and then the captain of '96 kicked the ball, which is the signal for order. For a few moments the ball was thrown lightly back and forth. Then the pride of '98 threw it up ten feet, and it landed within two feet of the opposite goal. Two more '98 girls made a dash for it, and in a second three white-winged players of '96 were on top of them. The girls underneath the pines rose in a body, college cries rang out from every quarter and the girls rolled about on the ground with the ball beneath them.

At last one of the white wings became disentangled and came up victorious, her two white arms, from which the sleeves were ripped, clasping the ball to her heart, her face flushed and covered with stray brown ringlets and her Psyche nodding merrily over her left ear. Whistles and shouts became combined in deafening volume, and then, as the player decided to take chances in throwing the ball home to the basket, a hush fell over the oval. For a moment she hesitated and aimed, the girls of both teams standing with their hands on their hips and eyes riveted on the ball. Then she threw it several feet, directly above the basket, and then it fell—not into the basket, but just alongside of it, and slid down on the ground.

Groans and shrieks of joy emanated from beneath the pines. The disappointed white wing, who had reached so near to glory, bit her lip and brushed back her curls, and the ball went flying over the field again. Before the inning closed '96 had made a goal, but the sturdy cry of '98 rang out just as merrily over the campus.

Each inning is called to a close at the expiration of eight minutes, and is followed by a two-minute rest. This makes a game that does not tie last an hour and twenty minutes. At the end of the fourth inning the only goal that had been made was that of '96 in the first inning.

The spectators were not thoroughly pleased. Rooting is all right and it keeps things lively, but an occasional cheer is a great deal more satisfactory, and for some reason throats have a tendency to grow hoarse over rooting, which is entirely absent in twice the amount of cheering. In the fifth inning '98 made two runs. Yale-Princeton football teams would blush for their apathy could they have seen Vassar's basket ball field during the two minutes intermission that followed inning number five. The enthusiastic student-spectators rushed pell-mell upon the field, and the two winners in red sailor trimmings were actually hugged, until the captain, probably fearing for the health of her star players, ordered "All off the field," and a general retreat of the shirt-waisted brigade followed.

More than once it had seemed to me that the girls were a trifle indifferent about each other's curls. At the end of the game more than one girl's Psyche had fallen into a tangled mass down her back; more than one sleeve was ripped, several cravats were missing, and the dainty white collars of '96 were soiled and rumpled.

LAVINIA HART.

Making Artificial Fog to Protect Orange Trees.

The newest method of protecting orange orchards against frosts, consists in creating an artificial fog, which overhangs the trees and keeps them from harm. It is a fact familiar enough, that there is no danger from frost on a cloudy night; the clouds prevent the rapid radiation of heat from the earth and thus serve as a sort of blanket. A fog, which is an earth cloud, serves the same purpose.

The orange growers of California have found out a way of making fogs by artifice. They can create them at any time within a few minutes. If the night starts in clear and cold, with prospects of frost, the fog-making machines are turned on, and very soon the orchard is enshrouded in a thick mist. Thus protected, the trees can defy even a severe frost, which under ordinary circumstances would destroy all expectation of a crop of the yellow and juicy fruit.

The orchard provided with the fog-making device is underlaid by a system of small pipes that carry water. Connected with these are perpendicular pipes which rise to a height of forty feet in the air. There are one hundred of these perpendicular pipes in every ten acres of trees. At the top of each tall pipe are a couple of "cyclone nozzles," which discharge the water in a fine spray in an upward direction. All that is required is that the water shall be turned on, and the air is charged with a fine, fog-like mist.

All the underground pipes in the orchard unite in one common supply pipe, which passes through the house of the watchman in charge. At any time when the temperature sinks to freezing point, the watchman by opening the cock of the supply pipe can at once turn on the water to all the pipes and spray nozzles. The result is a thick fog, thrown by one hundred cyclone nozzles over the entire ten acres. The mist soon fills the air to a height of forty-five feet, and any breeze drifts it about like a bank of fog.

In connection with the apparatus is an alarm thermometer. When the temperature in the orchard falls to 32 degrees, an electric circuit is completed and an alarm wakes up the watchman. Without delay he turns on the fog, and then goes to bed satisfied that the orchard is safe.

RICH NEW YORK WOMEN DECLARE THAT WEALTH DOES NOT BRING HAPPINESS.

DOES wealth bring happiness? The non-possessors of it are generally positive that riches and happiness are boon companions. Their views on this question are theoretical. Real knowledge is only obtained through experience. Several wealthy women have been interviewed on the subject. Their ideas are bright, interesting and sensible.

Mrs. Russell Sage was the first to whom the question was put. She replied as follows:

"No; I do not believe that wealth brings happiness. I was just as happy when I was a teacher as I am now in New York. Then I was mistress of my hours; now I have no time that I can call my own. The right use of money brings great responsibilities and great demands. If I might have my choice, I would choose neither poverty nor riches, but the medium. I believe that happiness lies within ourselves, not in our surroundings. The happiest people I know are some relatives of mine—a minister's family. They have been trained to be happy, notwithstanding the trials of the world. They have only a modest income, and there are but four left of their once large family of fourteen. They go through life making it a glad song. Then there are other people, who always grumble, regardless of their lot. An old lady of eighty, whom I know, was once very wealthy. She grumbled then. Afterward she became so poor that she was ejected from her house. Still she grumbled. Some one provided her with a nice flat. I thought she would be contented then, but the poor old soul is at present grumbling away.

"Louisa Alcott, whom I knew well, was about as contented when she used to wash dishes, scrub and write in her spare time for money, not fame, as she was when fame came to her through "Little Women." So, you see, happiness is really dependent upon ourselves for its existence. There is an old conundrum which says 'Where is happiness always found?' The answer is true, but somewhat disappointing, 'In the dictionary.'"

Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer says: "My opinion is that wealth does give great happiness in this: That one can help so much to make others happy. I know that never do I feel so grateful to God for the blessings bestowed upon me as when I have succeeded in alleviating somebody's misery."

Mrs. Edward Lauterbach is thus quoted: "Happiness is more dependent upon health than riches. Exuberance of spirits is seldom possessed without it. But, really, I believe happiness is more the result of the interest we take in others. Wealth has little to do with it. I think we are nearest true happiness when we learn to live unselfish lives. A glad, buoyant feeling always comes from doing something useful. Still, I do not decry wealth. I delight in aesthetic surroundings, fine books, art and the like. But these things for me constitute the higher pleasures of life; not its happiness. Wealth does give these pleasures, but happiness comes from within ourselves. To me the greatest happiness in having wealth is to distribute it for the benefit of those who need it."

Mrs. W. L. Strong expresses her opinion in a few words: "Wealth brings comforts, while happiness can only be obtained through health and contentment."

Miss Hewitt considers the subject too deep to be handled sensibly by women, and that only the wise brains of philosophers should be puzzled with its magnitude. Questions touching upon gowns and parties she is sure ought to be cheerfully answered by the feminine sex, but should they attempt to handle problems such as this, which she considers out of their sphere, then they show to the world that they have stepped into water beyond their depth.

Mrs. R. T. Wilson briefly remarks: "The rich have their troubles, as well as the poor. Sorrow and suffering must come to both."

Miss Helen Gould thinks the subject worthy earnest consideration, but modestly, though wrongly, believing that her opinion would be of no general interest, does not wish to express herself at length.

Mrs. William Rhinelander said: "In answer to the question put to me, I am not willing to make public my private views on the subject. There is so much to be said in favor of, as well as against, great wealth that, owing to the responsibility connected with it and the effect it has upon character, without due reflection I am not willing to give a decided answer." G. E. B.

AN ELECTRICAL DANGER.

It Is Believed Underground Wires Are the Explanation of a Number of Mysterious New York Fires.

Electricians have discovered a new danger resulting from underground wires. The discovery may serve to explain some of the mysterious fires which not infrequently occur in houses or unoccupied stores. Electrical fires can occur without the presence of electric wires.

It has been demonstrated beyond all possible doubt that unless great care is taken in insulating underground wires, the current is likely to come in contact with water pipes or gas mains, and through them enter buildings and cause fires.

In this city, particularly in the upper portions, the electric light wires were laid through the underground conduits in considerable of a hurry, owing to the fact that there was some likelihood that an opposition company would secure the contract. As a result, the insulating was very imperfect, and now, on wet days, when the moist earth serves as a good conductor, in some of the uptown streets the electricity escaping from the conduits is distinctly felt by pedestrians and even causes horses at times to become unusually restive.

Several instances have recently been reported to insurance companies of fires occasioned by electricity escaping from underground wires. In every instance the fire started in the same way. The insulating of the wires had become worn out and the escaping current coming in contact with the gaspipe, so found a means of entering the house. From the gaspipe the current jumped to a water pipe running between the walls and by that means became grounded, causing the fire. In every instance the flames were discovered between the walls of the house and it was necessary to draw off the current by a wire connection from the pipes outside the house before the flames could be extinguished. The only remedy suggested by practical electricians for the occurrence of such dangers is to either exercise greater care in insulating the electric light wires and conduits, or to make a connection with a wire between the supply pipes just outside the walls of the house.